Elegies,

Offer'd up to the memory of *William Glover* Esquire, late of *Shalston*, in *Buckinghamshire*.

By *Thomas Philipot*, Mr. of Arts
of Clare Hall in *Cambridge*.

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To the Right worthy as well by Vertue as Birth, the Lady *Anne Glover.*

Madam,

THough it bee unlawfull to offer up ſacrifices to the dead, yet licenſe me to ſacrifice theſe Elegies to the memory of your Sonne, and permit me to make his name an Altar, though not his Tombe. Thoſe reciprocall endearments which at firſt fed and fomented our friendſhip, have made ſuch an impreſſion on all thoſe faculties that officiate to my Soule, on all thoſe functions that hold Correſpondence with Invention and Phanſie, that I ſhould not onely ſeeme ungratefull, appeare unfruitfull, but alſo ſupinely forgetfull, if I ſhould not endeavour by conſecrating ſome Trophie (though nere ſo rude and inconſiderable) to his remembrance, to redeeme and reſcue it from the Vault, and ſo preſerve it, that it might never be rak'd up amongſt his aſhes. And though peradventure thoſe benefits that hee ſhed on others, fell but upon barren and unthankfull ground, yet thoſe he powr'd upon

mē, have not languiſh'd into oblivion, but teem'd with a gratefull acknowledgement. Death onely by uſurping his life too ſoone excluded me from inlarging my Gratitude to himſelfe, that I might profeſſe it to you, who ſhall bee the Delegate to receive the payment of a Debt I ow'd to your Sonne, which ſhall be done with a Devotion as emphaticall as that which excites mee to ſend up my Orizons to Heaven for your happineſſe in this world, and before inſpir'd mee to powre forth my prayers for your Sons glory in the other. Madam, if you thinke that theſe low expreſſions of my zeale and Monuments of my Affection can improve your Sonnes memory to any perpetuity, ſuffer them I beſeech you to give themſelves up to your view, ſince you may aſcertaine your ſelfe that they iſſue from one whoſe entire ſtudy is, whoſe whole practiſe ſhall be, how hee may declare himſelfe,

The humbleſt of your Servants

Tho. Philipot.

An

An Advertiſement to the Reader.

READer thou needſt exhauſt no Time to looke
Within the Pages of the Heralds Booke,
And ſift that Index to Times paſt, to ſee
Whence Glover *did deduce his Pedigree*
Or ſearch t'inſtruct thy ſelfe to what extent
His noble and Illuſtrious Deſcent
Spins out it ſelfe, ſince thou mayſt finde him here
Deciphe'd in a fairer Character
Then any there, and his Deſcent made good,
By being deriv'd from vertue not from blood.
Thy eye needs not take notice of his Creſt,
Nor ſcan thoſe Metals that his Armes inveſt;
Nor ſee if cloth'd in purple they appeare,
Or the pale furre of ſpeckled Ermins weare,
Since theſe ſad lines that onely can diſplay
Their Heraldry in Sables, will array
His name with as much eminence and note,
As thoſe rich colours that improve his Coate:
Nor care to be inform'd what Iſſue He
Left to convey and waft his Memory
To after Times, and make himſelfe ſurvive
His Ruine; and be ſtil' preſerv'd alive
In them, ſince thou mayſt be advertisd, he
Lives in no Iſſue but in Elegie,
The Off-ſpring of my Braine; Where thou mayſt view
His face appeare more genuine and more true

Than if exactly 'twere limn'd out and ſet
By Nature in a living Counterfeit.
And if thou paſſeſt by where Glovers *Duſt*
Lyes in the Caſquet of his grave in truſt,
And ſeeſt no Pile or Monument adorne
The bleack and naked ſurface of his Urne,
Argue not any guilty of neglect
To his Remaines, nor Art of a Defect
'Cauſe ſhe forgot her Trophies to impart,
He needs no Tombe that has one in my Heart.

Elegies

Elegies offered up to the memory of *William Glover* Eſquire.

Elegie 1.

IS *Glover* dead? and could ſtern Death employ
No Sickneſſe but a Surfet to deſtroy
The ſtructure of his Earth & make even meat
That ſhould foment, ſtifle & choak that heat?
Which kindled in the Chambers of the Heart,
Is thence diffus'd to aire and warme each part.
We need not now I ſee the fatall knife
Of *Atropos* to cut the twiſt of life,
Nor ſhivering Agues to congeale the blood,
Nor Feavers to licke up that purple flood,
Or Rheums in brinie ſhowers to diſtill
And drowne the lungs, when meat it ſelfe can kill.
Who then would in his earthly Fabrick truſt,
Whoſe brittle Wals are moulded out of duſt,
Which let good diet plaiſter nere ſo well,
Sickneſſe may yet make them diſſoluble:
For we're compact of miſeries and feares,
Kneaded into a lumpe with our owne teares.
With our firſt milke our nurſes do bequeath,
Diſeaſes to us, and we bed with Death

Even

Even in our Cradles making them become,
Types and Ideas of our future Tombe.
Thoſe eyes whoſe glances all did ſeeme t'implore,
And ſuperſtitiouſly did e'en adore
Th'effuſion of their radiant beames may bee
Inforc'd to weepe vext with an Opthalmy.
A palſy dares diſturbe and ſhake that hand,
That with its Scepter can the world command:
Thoſe feete which proudly walkt on Kings may be,
Brought by the Gout into Captivity.
And *Glazer* in whoſe lineaments appeard
Such Harmonie, that Nature ſeem'd t'have rear'd
An Altar to perfection which ſhe meant
It ſelfe ſhould farme his poliſh'd Tenement,
We ſee was but an Edifice of Earth,
Within whoſe Heart as on ſome oylie Hearth
A fire was fed, whoſe flame was blowne about
Each veine and nerve, which Death has now put out.
How much exposd toth Injuries of fate
Is all the glory then a humane ſtate
Can but lye claime to, in acceſſable
To reſt is ſwelling greatneſſe, a briefe Cell
Can ſhelter and include more ſolid Peace,
Than the extended Roofes of Pallaces.
For thoſe that pillage Nature to invite
And egge on a luxurious Appetite,
Doe ſo encumber all their faculties,
They onely hatch a tribe of Maladies,
Which like a progeny of Vipers will
Turne Parricides and their owne Parents kill.

Elegie 2.

VVE can for every cheape and triviall loſſe
Condole ſo much we even ſeeme t'ingroſſe

The

The publike ſtocke of greife and at our eyes,
Imbezell our exhauſted faculties,
Whilſt our dull paſſions pant with eager throes,
As if they teem'd with mountaines of vaſt woes.
Each maime by fire, each ſhipwrack can induce
Our ſoules to ſuch intemp'rate and profuſe
Reſentment, that thoſe Cataracts of Raine
Our eyes diffuſe might quench the flame againe,
Or in their briny Hurrican's once more,
Ingulph the ruin'd Barke upon the ſhore.
But when a friend ſhakes off Mortalitie
And his fraile Earth drops into aſhes, we
Should from th'officious limbecks of our eyes
Diſtill, as rites due to his obſequies,
Such floods of pious teares that if dull Art,
Should by ſome lame neglect forget t'impart
Her nard and unctious Balſames to exempt,
His pretious Reliques from Times rude contempt,
They might embalme his fading maſſe of clay,
And fortifie it ſo from all decay
It may remaine till time ſhall die, and have
Himſelfe a Habitation in his grave.
Should I then now my melting eyes repreive
From teares, or be too thrifty in my griefe,
When he (to whom my ſoule was ſo endeard,
So twiſted into his, that we e'en ſteerd
Two bodies with one Heart, and did improve
By mingling of each others thoughts that love)
Is diſinveſted of that droſſe and Earth,
Which did empeach and intercept his birth
To immortality, I then ſhould be
Tainted with ſcandalous Apoſtaſie
To Friendſhips ſacred vow, and ſhould enter
My ſhort-breath'd love within his Sepulcher.
No! ſuch a permanency I'le enſtate
On my Affection that neither Fate

Nor Time ſhall blaſt or wither it to Death.
Yet I'le not to his memory bequeath
Some brazen Obeliske whereon ſhall bee
Engrafted ſome pathetricke Elegie,
Which may to a ſucceeding Age declare
What a ſtrong emphaſis my griefes did beare,
Becauſe the Cottage of his clay ſo ſoone
Languiſh'd into a Diſſolution;
For 'twould be triviall ſince his name alone,
Will prove more firme than either braſſe or ſtone.
Yet I'le not deprædate the Phœnix neſt,
Or pillage the Exchequer of the Eaſt
To gather Balmes or odorous ſpices thence,
By whoſe benigne indulgent influence
The ruines of the Earth may be ſo charm'd,
They may 'gainſt all th'Aſſaults of time be arm'd:
For the kind Earth ſhall from her wombe diſtill,
Drops of rich gumme mixt with a fragrant drill
Of balmy dew, which ſhall deſcend upon
His duſt, and baile it from Corruption,
So that no bold intruding worme ſhall dare
To be an Inmate to his Sepulcher.
Nor will I to embelliſh and adorne
The gloomy Climate of his private Urne,
Rifle the *Parian* Quarries, and erect
Some gaudy Pile his aſhes to protect:
Since that like theſe will weare away and ruſt
And mingle both in undiſtinguiſh't duſt.
No, from the Inlets of mine eyes I'le lave
Streames of unſummond teares out on his grave
Which ſhall agen concentrate and collect
Themſelves into a ſwelling Cataract,
Which ſhall by th'coldneſſe that my ſighs ſhall vent,
Congeale into a Chriſtiall Monument;
And ſtand a trophee there to propagate,
His memory 'gainſt all th'attempts of Fate.

But

But when the world and her gay pompe expire,
And both lye gaſping in the generall fire,
When God will cancell Times Commiſſion
And call in Fates ſtrict Patent, when the Sun
And all the throng and petty ſtars like teares
Shall drop in flaming Gelly from their Spheres,
When th'impenitent Earth ſo long ſhall burne,
Till it into repentant aſhes turne;
And each conſpicuous Ornament it weares
Fals into duſt; this ſhall reſolve to teares.

Elegie 3.

PAle ruines of my friend is there no charme
No Magicke that can bridle or diſarme
Deaths eager malice and exauthorize
That power by which he ſeis'd thoſe faculties
That were thy life's Retinue 'las no ſpell,
No charme can make us inexpugnable
'Gainſt his aſſailements; for when h'eel employ
Some feirce malignant ſickneſſe to deſtroy,
And raze our Tenements of Earth we muſt
Moulder away into rude heapes of duſt.
No! ſince thoſe ſparkes of life which firſt did burne
Within thy breſt are dropt into thy Urne,
Where rak'd up in thy aſhes they ſhall lie
Till Times calcin'd into Eternity,
And then agen a purer light acquire,
Reviv'd and kindled by the generall fire.
I'le not invade or prie into that cheſt
Which ſhrouds thy aſhes to diſſolve thy reſt;
But may a ſoft eternall ſlumber flow
In gentle ſilence through the Vault below,
Whilſt thy immortall part purg'd and redeem'd
From its dull weight of clay which onely teem'd

With humours and diſeaſes, ſhall deſcry
That frame and well compos'd Oeconomy
That Heavens digeſted in, and fully be
Acquainted with that moderne Colony,
Phanſie has planted in the Moone, and know
Whether each ſtarre be peopled yet or no,
And ſhall unvaile thoſe miſteries which we
(Eclips'd by miſts of ignorance) can ſee
(Knowledge being in her Solſtice) with an eye,
But blear'd and hoodwink'd though we ſhould apply
Nature's faint glimpſe to't, which imparts a light
Like that that's ſhed by glowormes in the night,
And when it has with ſtrict ſurvey ore-run,
Each Province of the ſtarry Region,
Twill with its charming Muſicke, both inſpire,
And mingle notes with the Seraphicke Quire;
And its ſoft aires in ſacred Anthems reare,
Set toth' harmonious chiming, ſome ſpheare,
And as they there in tunefull accents flow,
My ſighes ſhall be their Eccho's here below.

Elegie 4.

LEt ſome looſe Widdow ſeeke to perſonate
And forge laments, and more to palliate
The ſcene of her impoſture, bribe her eyes
To weepe her dead Husbands Obſequies,
And from thoſe Magazins of moiſture, dreyne
Such numerous ſtreames of teares, they may againe
Swell to a Torrent, that may equall *Nile*,
Wherein her ſelfe ſhall be the Crocodile.
Let the wild unthrift, who can ſcarſe allow
From his large acres, earth enough t'endow
His Fathers aſhes with a grave, put on
The crabbed diſcompos'd complexion

Of

Of wrinkled ſorrow, when he does transferre
His Sires pale Reliques to his Sepulcher,
And ore his Tombe-ſtone ſo profuſely mourne,
He would e'ne ſeeme to drowne him in his Vrne,
And ore his hearſe raiſe a tranſparent ſhrine,
Made up out of his humour Chriſtalline.
So have I ſeene your Marble to diſtill
Through the cloſe limbeckes of its pores, a Rill
Of unctious moiſture, and yet ſtill withſtand,
All the impreſſions of the Carvers hand.
No, Ile not now my friend, by Deaths rude touch
Is ſcatter'd into duſt, to ſhew how much
His ruinous diſperſion I bemoane,
Make my eyes fountaines, when my heart is ſtone,
For thoſe ſad teares my ſorrow ſhall diſpence,
Shall with that part maintaine intelligence,
Which I with ſuch immoderate waſte will ſtrew
Upon his Monument, that to renew
That bankrupt and impoveriſht ſtocke, my heart
Shall from her private Treaſury, impart
New moiſture, to foment and feed my griefe,
But when I have imbereld that reliefe,
And my too laviſh and unthrifty eyes,
Have melted into teares all their ſupplies,
I feare, I ſhall turne Marble and become,
My ſelfe at once, his Mourner and his Tombe.

Elegie 5.

I Can (deare Friend) no ſwelling Trophees raiſe,
To cloathe thy Urne, yet Ile erect thy praiſe.
Nor can no ſmooth *Egyptian* ſtone impart,
To frame a Tombe for thee, yet in my heart
Thou haſt one built, I can collect no Jet,
Nor Porphyrie to forme thy counterfeit.

For I'me confirm'd tis vaine, ſince each may finde
Thy figures lodg'd already in my mind;
Nor will I gather up that balmy ſweat,
Which gums lave out when they're aſſaild by heat,
With its rich odors to perfume thy Herſe,
Since Ile embalme thy memory in Verſe:
Which being thus preſerv'd, Fames tainted breath
Shall not with poyſon blaſt thee after death.
And though I cannot from mine eyes diſburſe,
For thy untimely loſſe, ſo large a ſourſe
And ſtocke of teares, as griefe exacts, yet they
Which ſhall their homage to thy Reliques pay,
Shall have no double-fac'd Hypocriſie,
Lye bathing there to mocke credulity,
But ſhall be ſo unfeigned, that Truth ſhall hide
Her ſelfe in them, as o're each cheeke they glide,
And they'le prove ſo tranſparent that I feare,
Each vulgar eye will ſee her naked there:
Whilſt Heaven it ſelfe in conſtant dewes ſhall weepe,
And with my griefe true correſpondence keepe:
And my teares be by the enamor'd Sun,
Courted into an exhalation.
Which being glard on by his ſearching beames,
Shall be againe thaw'd, and diſſolve in ſtreames:
To ſhew, the worlds bright eye it ſelfe, let fall
Thoſe ſhowers, as teares ſhed for thy Funerall.

Elegie 6.

ALl other mourners can ſome method keepe,
(Wherin their griefe's digeſted) when they weepe
They can ſeduc'd credulity aſſaile,
By maſquing ſorrow with the Chriſtall veile
Of their adult'rate teares, their ſoules can weare
A griefe array'd with blacke, like that they beare

Ith

Ith' outward habit, which are both put on,
Onely untill the Obſequies be done :
But for my *Glovers* ſad departure, I
Will plucke the ſluces up in either eye,
And from thoſe ſtorehouſes of griefe, diſcharge
Such floods of teares, they ſhall themſelves inlarge
Into an Inundation, and make
With their collected ſtreames, a briny lake,
Which being diffus'd into a Rill, ſhall keepe
A conſtant correſpondence with the Deepe,
So that ſome Syren, ſtragling from the Maine,
Shall to the Confines of this Lake attaine,
And hearing how with my laments the Day,
Forgot and undiſtinguiſh'd melts away.
Shee ſhall ſome ſad and ſolemne Dirge deviſe,
To warble forth at *Glovers* Obſequies :
And raiſe her Elegiacke notes ſo high,
She ſhall her ſelfe with reall ſorrow dye.
But leaſt ſhe ſhould remaine forgotten there,
Wholly deveſted of a Sepulcher,
And want ſome ſtable Trophy to dilate,
And amplifie the memory of her fate
To after Times, the North-wind ſhall diſpence,
Such keene and gelid blaſts, they ſhall condence
This Lake into a Chriſtall heape, whereon
Shall be divulg'd this ſad Inſcription.

Heere lyes a Syren who exhal'd her breath,
In too profuſely mourning Glovers *Death,*
And whilſt in tunefull ayres, ſhe ſtraind her tongue,
To chaunt his Dirge ſhe her owne Requiem ſung.

Elegie 7.

NO gaudy ſhroud (Friend) ſhall be fram'd for thee,
Out of the drudging ſilk-wormes Huſwifry,

For

For from my eyes two Chriſtall ſtreams ſhall run,
Which ſwelling to an Inundation,
Shall circumſcribe thy witherd Earth, and there
Settle, till the inclement North ſhall dare
T'invade thy Tombe, and with ſome impious guſt
Make a rude Onſet on thy hallow'd duſt,
And ſeeking to diſſolve that pretious maſſe
By his chill breath transforme my teares to glaſſe,
So ſhall thy Clay be wrapt up and inclos'd
Within a Chriſtiali ſhroude, and be expos'd
Through that cleere Vaile, to every glance minē eye
Shall to thy Tombe employ in Embaſſie
To waft thy ſpecies to't, from whence it may
Find by that thorough fare a compendious way
To journey to my Heart, where when tis come,
I'le vent ſo many ſighs to make it roome,
They ſhall benum my Heart it ſelfe to ſtone,
Which I'le beſet with this Inſcription.

Here lyes the figure of a Friend which Fate
Nor Time, nor Death ſhall ever extirpate,

An Epitaph on Mr. *William Glover*, being buried in one grave with his daughter before deceaſed.

Reader, thoſe lye beneath this Stone
Whom life made two firſt out of one,
But having now reſign'd their breath,
They will grow one againe by Death.
For as before this pretty faire
(Her fathers leſſer Character)
From him reſulted, ſo if we
After ſome mutabilitie
Of Time, ſhould on his grave intrude
To view how much Viciſſitude

At-

Attends on Nature, and how ſhe
Maſques her ſelfe in variety
Of numerous ſhapes and after dare,
To paddle in his Sepulcher,
Amongſt his duſt we might infer,
He was ſhuffled into her,
For Time determines that both muſt
Reſolve into one heape of duſt:
But when the world it ſelfe expires,
Panting with heate, and God requires
Each gloomy Vault, and hollow Tombe
To open its corrupted wombe,
And give their aſhes which were pent
And cas'd up there, enfranchiſement,
That being reedified, they may
No more be obvious to delay,
Or Natures Tumults, this laſt birth
Will diſ-unite their mingled Earth.
And as their firſt life did divide them, ſo
This ſecond life again ſhall make make them two.

A Collation betweene Death and Sleepe.

DEath and his drowſie kinſman, Sleepe, agree
In all the Symptomes of conformity.
Sleepes caus'd by eating, for the naturall heate,
Entices exhalations from the meate.
Transfus'd to *Chylus*, which the braine poſſeſſe,
With an intoxicating drouſineſſe.
Death too by fatall eating, firſt came in,
When our firſt parents wilfully did ſin,
And violated Gods renounc'd decree,
Taſting the fruite of the forbidden tree,
When from that Apple ſuch a Dampe did creepe
It fild their ſoules with an eternall ſleepe.

And as when ſooty Night her darkneſſe ſheds
Through all the Confines of the Aire, and ſpreads
A vaile ore bright *Hyperion*, we deveſt
Our bodies, to compoſe our ſelves to reſt.
So our enfranzis'd ſoules ſhall likewiſe be
Diſrob'd o'th weeds of their mortalitie,
When Death ſhall an Eternall night diſperſe
Through all thoſe functions that with life commercē.
And as when the great eye o'th Day diſplayes,
In the illuminated ayre his rayes
The light diſpers'd in glimpſes, does inſpire
Our hands againe our bodies to attire;
So when the Trumpe at the laſt Day ſhall all
By its ſhrill ſummons to Gods Audit call,
And Chriſt the Sun of righteouſneſſe ſhall come,
To diſtribute to th'world a publike Doome,
Our mouldred and disbanded bodies muſt
Quit the cloſe confines of their Beds of Duſt,
To cloath againe our widdow'd Soules, and be
Made both joynt Tenants of Eternitie.
You then that *Glovers* diſſolution mourne,
And ſigh 'cauſe he's contracted in his Urne,
Appeaſe that Tempeſt of your breſts, and weepe
In gentle Showers, leaſt you diſturbe his ſleepe.

On the thought of our Reſurrection.

WHo can be of ſo cow'd a Soule heel'd feare
To be regenerated ith Sepulcher,
Since who exactly lookes into the Tombe
Shall finde tis but the Embleme of the wombe
To which wee're not Coufind but truſted, ſo
As if we lay there in *Depoſito*;
For when our Duſt is gather'd into th'Urne,
It lyes but Hoſtage till the Soules returne.
And as the Phœnix when ſhe gaſping lyes

Upon

Upon her tragick Pile of ſpiceries
And glowes with heate, her fleſhy Cinders muſt
By the ſuns rayes be martyr'd firſt to Duſt,
Before her pregnant aſhes can redeeme
Themſelves from Ruine, or againe can teeme
With a new Phœnix; ſo before this Earth
We beare about us, can improve its Birth
To immortality, its whole compact
Muſt firſt be ſo disioynted and ſo ſlack'd
It fall to duſt, and then 'twill moulded be
To ſuch a body that eternitie
It ſelfe ſhall farme that Tenament, which ſhall
No more be obvious to a Funerall.
And as before men can compile or frame
Their glaſſes, they their aſhes firſt i'th flame
Transfuſe to Chriſtall; ſo before our duſt
Can be aſſoil'd from Excrements and ruſt
Ravel'd amongſt it by our Tombs, and be
Improv'd to ſuch a cleare transparency
It ſhall no more encumber or controule
The eye, from taking a ſurvey o'th Soule
It muſt be by the generall fire refin'd,
And be to a tranſlucent maſſe calcin'd.
So Shall each Tombe become Gods Mint, where he
(Our Earth being purg'd from all impuritie)
Will on it coyne the Image of his face
Which Time no more, nor ſin ne ſhall nere deface.

FINIS.

D
P 1994

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